COUNT ANTONIO.

By ANTHONY HOPE. Author of "A Prisoner of Zenda," &c.

CHAPTER II. COUNT ANTONIO AND THE TRAITOR PRINCE. Of all the deeds that Count Antonio of Monte

Velluto did during the time that he was an outlaw in the hills, a price having been set on his head by Duke Valentine, there was none that made greater stir or struck more home to the hearts of men, howsoever they chose to look upon it, than that which he performed on the high hill that faces the wicket gate in the west aids of the city, and is called now the bill of Duke Paul. Indeed, it was the act of a man whose own conscience was his sole guide and who made the law which his own hand was to carry out. That it had been a crime in most men, who can doubt? That it was a crime in him, all governments must hold; and the same, I take it, must be the teaching of the Church. Yet all men held it not a crime, although they had not ventured it themselves, both from the greatness of the person whom the deed conperned, and also for the burden that it put on the conscience of him that did it. Here, then, is the story of it, as it is yet told both in the houses of the nobles and in peasants' cottages.

While Count Antonio still dwelt at the court and had not yet fled from the wrath aroused in the Duke by the Count's attempt to carry off the Lady Lucia, the Duke's ward, the nuptials of his Highness had been celebrated with great magnificence and universal rejoicing, and the feasting and exultation had been most happily renewed at the birth of an infant Prince a year later. Yet heavy was the price paid for this gift of heaven, for her Highness, the Duchess, a lady of rare grace and kindliness, survived the birth of her son only three months, and then died amid the passionate mourning of the people, leaving the Duke a prey to bitter sorrow. Many say that she had turned his heart to good had she butlived, and that it was the loss of her that soured him and twisted his nature. If it be so, I pray that he has received pardon for all his sins, for his grief was great, and hardly to be Prince, from whom he would never be parted for an hour, if he could contrive to have the boy with him, and in whom he saw, with pride, the heir of his throne. Now, in the joy of the wedding and the grief

at the Duchess's death, none had more ostentatious sign of sharing than his Highness's brother, Duke Paul. Yet hollow alike were his joy and his sorrow, save that he found true cause for sorrow in that the Duchess left to her husband a dear memorial of their brief union Paul rivalled the Duke in his caresses and his affected love for the boy, but he had lived long in the hope that his Highness would not marry and that he himself should succeed him in his place, and this hope he could not put out of his heart. Nay, as time passed and the baby grew to a healthy boy, Paul's thought took a still deeper hue of guilt. It was no longer for him hope for his nephew's death, nor even to meditate how he should bring it about. One wicked imagining led on, as it is wont in our sinful nature, to another, and Satan whispered in Paul's ear that the Duke himself was short of 40 by a year, that to wait for power till youth were gone was not a bold man's part. and that to contrive the child's death, leaving his father alive, was but to double the risk without halving the guilt. Thus was Paul induced to dwell on the death of both father and son, and to say to himself that if the father went first the son would easily follow; and that with one cunning and courageous stroke the path to the throne might be cleared.

In the beginning of the second year of Count Antonio's outlawry, his Highmess was most cause he had so won the affection of the country folk that none would betray his hiding place either for threats or rewards, but most chiefly more of Tommasino's doing than of Antonio's. For Tommasino, meeting one of the Duke's farmers of taxes, had lightened him of his fat bag of money, saying that he would himself assume the honor of handing what was fairly due to his Highness, and had upon that scattered three-fourths of the spoil among the poor, and sent the beggarly remnant privily by night to the gate of the city with a writing. "There is honor among thieves; who, then, may call princes thieves?" And this writing had been read by many, and the report of it spreading brough the city had made men laugh. There fore the Duke had sworn that by no means should Antonio gain pardon save by delivering that insolent young robber to the lords of justice sought him in the garden (for he sat in his and bade him listen to a plan whereby the outlaws should be brought to punishment. The Duke took his little son upon his knees and prayed his brother to tell his device.

You could not bring me a sweeter gift than the head of Tommasino," said he, stroking the child's curls, and the child shrank closer into his arms, for the child did not love Paul, but

"Antonio knows that I love your Highness." said Paul seating himself on the seat by the Duke, "but he knows also that I am his friend and a friend to the Lady Lucia, and a man o tender heart. Would it seem to him deep treachery if I should go privily to him and tell him how that on a certain day you would go forth with your guard to camp in the spurs of Mount Agnino, leaving the city desolate, and that in the night of that day I could contrive that Lucia should come secretly to the gate and that it should be open for her, so that by a sudden descent she might be seized and carried safe to his hiding place before aid could come from

But what should the truth be?" asked Duke

"The truth should be that while part of the guard went to the spurs of the mount, the rest should lie in ambush close inside the city gates and dash out on Antonio and his company.

"It is well if he will believe."
Then Paul laid his finger on his brother's arm.

"It is well if he will believe."

Then Paul laid his finger on his brother's arm.

"As the clock in the tower of the cathedral strikes 3 in the morning of the fifteenth of the month, do you, dear brother, be in your summer house at the corner of the garden yonder, and I will come thither and tell you if he has believed, and if he has come. For by then I shall have learnt from him his mind, and we two will straightway go rouse the guards and lead the men to their appointed station, and when he approaches the gate we can lay hands on him."

"How can you come to him. for we know not where he is hid?"

"Alas! there is not a rogue of a peasant that cannot take a letter to him."

"Yet when I question them, sy, though I beat them, they know nothing," cried Valentine, in chagrin. "Truly, the sooner we lay him by the heals the better for our security."

"Shall it be, then, as I say, sir?"

"So let it be," said the Duke. "I, will await you in the summer house."

"Paul, perceiving that his brother had no suspicions of him and would await him in the summer house, conceived his task to be already half done. For his plan was that he and Antonio should come together to the summer house, but that Antonio should its hid till Paul had spoken to the Duke; then Paul should go out on pretext of bidding the guard make ready the ambush and leave the Duke alone with Antonio. Antonio then, suddenly springing forth, should siay the Duke, while Paul—and when he thought on this he smilled to himself—would so contrive that a body of men should bar Antonio, and no man would live who knew how the deed was contrived. "And then," asid he, "I doubt whether the poor child bereft of all parental care will long escape the manifold purils of infancy."

Thus he schemed, and when he had made all sure and noised about the Duke's intentions, he himself set forth alone on his horse to seek Antonio. He rode till he reached the entrance of the man. He had not hong been sitting when a face peared from behind a wail of mess-coverei rook that fronted him, an

"Of whom else than of Count Antonio?" cried Paul.
A silence followed and a delay; then two men stole cautiously from behind the rock, and in one of them Paul knew the man called Bena,

who had been of the Duke's guard. The men CHRONICLES Copyright, 1994, by Anthony Rope.

who had been of the Duke's guard. The men knowing Paul bowed low to him and asked him his pleasure, and he commanded them to bring him to Antonio. They wendered, knowing not whether he came froz. the Duke or despite the Duke, but he was urgent in his commands, and at length they tied a scarf over his eyes, and set him on his horse and led the horse. Thus they went for an hour. Then they prayed him to dismount, saying that the horse could go no forther, and though Paul's eyes saw nothing he neard the whinny and smelt the smell of horses.

"Here are your stables, then," said he, and dismounted with a laugh. Then Bens took him by the hand and the other guided his feet, and climbing up steep paths, over boulders and through little water courses, they went, till at length Hena cried: "We are at home, my lord," and Paul t, aring off his bandage, found himself on a small level spot, ranged round with stunted, wind-beaten firs, and three huts stood in the middle of the space, and before one of the huts sat Tommasino, composing a somet to a pretty peasant girl whem he had chanced to meet that day. For Tommasino had ever a hospitable heart. But, seeing Paul, Tommasino left his sonnet, and with a cry of wonder sprang to meet him, and Paul took him by both hands and saluted him. That light and the morning that followed, Paul abode with Antonio, eating of good cheer and drinking the good wine that Tommasino, who had charged himself with the care of such matters, put before him; whence they came from Paul asked not, nor did Tommasino say more than that they were offerings of free will or no he said bot. And during this time Paul spoke much with Antonio privily aria speaking most pitful things of the harshness shown by Valentine, his brother, to the Ladv Lucia, and how the lady grew pale and pined and pined so that the physicians knit their brows over her, and the women said no drugs would patch a broken heart. Thus he inflamed Antonio's mind with a great rage against the Duke, so that he fell to counting the men he had and w

"His pardon! When did he pardon?" sneered Paul.

To know honest men and leave them to their honesty is the last great gift of villainy. But Paul had it not, and now he unfolded to Antonio the pian that he had made, saving (as needs not be said) that part of it wherehy Antonio himself was to meet his death. For a pretext, he alleged that the Duke oppressed the city, and that he, Paul, was put out of favor because he had sought to protect the people, and was fallen in great suspicion. Yet, judging Antonio's heart by his own, he dwelt again and longer on the charms of Lucia and of the great things he would give Antonio when he ruled the duchy for his nephew; for of the last crime he meditated, the death of the child, he said naught then, professing to love the child. When the tale had begun a sudden start ran through Antonio, and his face flushed; but he sat still and listened with unmoved face, his eyes gravely regarding Paul the while. No anger did he show, nor wonder, nor scorn, nor now any engerness; but he gazed at the Prince with caim, musing glance, as though he considered of some great question put before him. And when Paul ended his tale Antonio sat yet silent and musing. But Paul was trembling now, he stretched out his hand and laid it on Antonio's knee and asked, with a laugh that choked in the utterance:

"Well, friend Antonio, is it a clever plan, and will you ride with mae?"

Minute followed minute before Antonio answered Duke Paul, saying:

"It is such a plan as you, my lord, alone of all men in the duchy, could make, and I will ride with you."

Then Paul in triumph caught him by the hands and pressed his hands, calling him a man of fine spirit and a true friend who should not lack reward. At length the frown vanished from his brow and his face grew calm and set, and he answered Duke Paul, saying;

"It is such a plan as you, my lord, alone of all men in the duchy, could make, and I will ride with you."

Then Paul in triumph caught him by the hands and pressed his hands, calling him a man of fine spi ong for." His pardon?" when did he pardon?" succred Paul.
To know honest men and leave them to their

will troude me title to had min for one where of he chances to be innocent." And Duke Paul laughed heartily.

"I will ride with you," said Antonio again.

Then, it being full midday, they sat down to dinner. Paul bandying many merry sayings with Tommasino, Antonio being calm, but not uncheerful. And when the meal was done Paul drank to the good fortune of their expedition, and Antonio having drained his glass, said; "May God approve the issue," and straightway bade Tommasino and Martolo prepare to ride with him. Then, Paul being again blindfolded, they climbed down the mountain paths till they came where the norses were, and thus, as the sun began to decline, set forward at a fair pace. Juke Paul and Antonio leading by some few yards, while Tommasino and Martolo, having drunk well, and sniffing sport in front of them, sang, jested and played pranks on one another as they passed along. But when night fell they became silent; even Tommasino grew grave and checked his horse, and the space between them and the pair who led grew greater, so that it seemed to

and sniffing sport in front of them, sans, jested and played pranks on one another as they passed along. But when night fell they became silent; even Tommasino grew graven and checked his horse, and the space between them and the pair who led grew greater, so that it seemed to Duke Paul that he and Antonio rode alone through the night under the shadows of the great hills. Once and again he spoke to Antonio, first of the scheme, then on some light matter, but Antonio did no more than move his head in assent. And Antonio's face was very white and his lips were close shut. It was midnight when they reached the plain; the moon, till now hidden by the mountains, shone on them and seeing Antonio's face more plainly, Paul cried, half in ject, half in uneasiness;

"Come, man, look not so glum about it. Tis but the life of a rogue."

"Indeed it is no more," said Antonio, and he turned his eyes upon the Duke Paul.

Paul laughed, but with poor merriment. Whence it came he knew not, but a strange, sudden sense of peril and of doom had fallen on him. The massive, quiet figure of Antonio, riding ever close to him, silent, stern, and watchful, oppressed his spirit.

Suddenly Antonio halted and called to Martolo to bring him a lantern; one hung from Martolo's saddle, and he brought it, and went back. Then Antonio lit the lantern and gave an ivory tablet to Paul and said to him:

"Write me your promise."

Youldstrust me, then?" cried Paul, in a great show of indignation.

"I will not go till you writte the promise."

Now Paul was somewhat loath to write that promise, fearing that it should be found on Antonio's body before he could contrive to remove it, but without it Antonio declared he would not go. So Paul wrote, bethinking himself that he held safe in his house at home permission from the Duke to seek Antonio and begulle him to the city, and that with the witness of this commission he could come off safe, even though the held safe in his house at home permission from the pure than fail, he wrote, setting forth the promise

hill with me," answered Antonio, "even to the top of it, whence a man can see the city."

"But for what?"

"That this matter may be finished," said Antonio, and coming to Faul, he islid a hand on his shoulder and turned him to the path up the hill. But Faul, seeing his face and the swords of Tommasine and Martolo that barred all escape.

Tommasine and Martele that barred all escape, selzed his hand, saying:

"Before God. I mean you true, Antonie! As Christ died for us, I mean you true, Antonie!"

"Of that I know not and care not, yet do not swear it now by Christ's name if it be not true. How meant you, my lord, by your brother and your brother's son!"

Paul licked his lips, for they had gone dry, and he breathed as a man panta who has run far and fast.

"You shall be but man to man on the top of the bili," said Antone.

There is a priest in the village a mile away," said he, and there was pity in his voice.

"Peace, Tommasino said no more, but he turned his eyes away from the face of Duke Paul; yet, when he was an old man, one in his company heard him say he dreamed yet had to the him go but Antonio he say he dreamed yet had to the him so, but Antonio he say he dreamed yet had to the him go, but Antonio, and praved him to let him go, but Antonio, and praved him to let him go, but Antonio, and praved him to let him go, but Antonio, and praved him to let him go, but Antonio seemed not to lear him, and stood slient with folded arms. Yet presently he said.

"Take your sword then, my lord, if I fail these shall not touch you. Thus much I give, though it's more than I have right to give.

Hut Paul would not take his sword, but knett still, besenching Antonio with tears and mingling prayers and curses in a flow of agonized words. At last Antonio plucked him from the ground and sternly bade him mount the hill; and illuding no help he set out, his knees shaking beneath him, while Antonio followed close upon him. And thus Tommasino and Markon watched them go till the winding of the publish as the said of the more than a short way to the summit, but the path was steep, and the two went slowly, so that as they came forth on the top, the first gleam of dawn caught them in its pale light. And the city lay gray and drap below them; and the lonely tree, that stands to this day upon the hill, swayed in the wind with mourand in urmurings. And Paul stumbled and sank in a heap upon the ground. And Antonio shad waters a free road to the city."

Then Paul let go his legs and rose and drew his word. And Antonio said on him, "I you will, pray," and went and learn against the bare trunk of the tree, a little way apart. But Paul, thinking on man's mercy, not on Go's, crawled on his knees aross thand. Then Antonio gave to him and the paul had a had not be stored to him and the paul had

and rich in the increasing light of the sun, and turned on his heel and went down the hill by the way that he had come.

At the foot Tommasino and Martolo awaited him; and when he came down alone, Martolo again signed the cross; but Tommasino glanced one question, and, finding answer in Antonio's nod, struck his open palm on the quarters of buse Paul's horse and set it free to go where it would; and the horse, being free, started at a canter along the road to the city. And Antonio mounted and set his face again toward the hills. For awhile he rode alone in front, but when an hour was gone, he called to Tommasino, and on the lad joining him, talked with him not gayly indeed (that could not be), yet with calmness and cheerfulness on the matters that concerned the band. But Paul's name did not cross his lips, and the manner in which he had dealt with Paul on the hill rested unknown till a later time, when Count Antonio formally declared it and write with his own hand how Duke Paul had died. Thus then, Count Antonio rode back to the hills, having executed in the body of Paul that which seemed to him right and just.

to him right and just.

Long had Duke Valentine waited for his brother in the summer house, and greatly wondered that he came not. And as the morning grew and yet Paul came not, the Duke feared in some manner Antonio had detected the snare, and that he held Paul a prisoner, for it did not some manner Antonio had detected the snare, and that he held Paul a prisoner, for it did not enter the Duke's mind that Antonio would dare to kill his brother. And when it was 5 o'clock the Duke, heavy-eyed for want of sieep, left the summer house, and, having traversed the garden, entered his cabinet and flung himself on a couch there, and, notwithstanding his uneasiness for his brother, being now very drowsy, he fell asleep. But before he had slept long he was roused by two of his pages, who ran in crying that Duke Paul's horse had come riderless to the gate of the city. And the Duke surang up, smiting his thigh, and crying: "If harm has come to him I will not rest till I have Antonio's head." So he mustered a party of his guards, some on horseback and some on foot, and passed with all speed out of the city, seeking his brother, and vowing vengeance on the insolence of Count Antonio.

But the Duke was not first out of the city, for he found a stream of townsmen flocking across the bridge, and at the end of the bridge was a gathering of men, huddled close round a peasant, who stood in the centre. The pikemen made a way for his Highness, and when the peasant saw him he ran to him, and resting his hand on the neck of the Duke's horse, as though he could scarcely stand alone, he cried, pointing with his hand to the hill that rose to the west: "The Duke Paul' the Duke Paul!" And no more could he say.

"Give him a horse, one of you, and let another lead it," cries the Duke. "And forward, gentlemen, whither he points."

Thus they set forth, and on they went, the concourse grew, some overtaking them from the city, seme who were going on business or for

men, whither he points.

Thus they set forth, and on they went, the concourse grew, some overtaking them from the city, some who were going on business or for their pleasure into the city, turning and following atter the Duke and his company. So that a multitude went after Valentine and the peasant, and they rode together at the head. And the Duke said thrice to the peasant.

"What of my brother?" but the peasant, who was an old man, did but point again to the hill. At the foot of the hill all that had horses left them in charge of the boys who were of the party, for the Duke, presaging some fearful thing, would suffer none but grown men to mount with him. And thus they went forward afoot till they reached the grassy summit of the hill. And then the peasant sprang in front crying. "There, there!" And all of them beheld the body of Duke Paul bound to the tree by the embroidered scarf, his head fallen on his breast and the vary tabiet hanging from the ribbon of the order of St. Prisian. And a great silence fell on them all, and they stood gazing at the dead prince.

But presently Duke Vaientine went forward

there is the Buke's summer home. But the second has acces the wicket gate, which is now called the hill of Duke Faul. And at the particular of the road Antonio reined in his horses and sat silent for a great while. Again, Paul, Sanning his face, was troubled, so that Martolo, who had drawn nigh, saw him wipe a drop from his how, and he said:

The Antonio drew him apart, and fixing his seyes on him, said:

"What of the child? What mean you by the child live?

"An and who held him in his hands, amilied cunningly, and answered:

"The child will grow sickly and pine when his father is not alive to care for him.

"It is enough," said Antonio and again a flush mounted in his face, and died he would have setly by the child. I know not. At least the four murder plotted against the child who he setly by the child. I know not. At least the four murder plotted against the child was uterly releasiless.

"Let us go and end the matter," urged Paul, and writh that he least down from his horse. Paul did the like, for it had been agreed that the own of the road wash and and accordant and and him and the provided him on the cabines before of Antonio a sin.

"It is us the horses were to await Antonio's return, while the Count and Paul went forward on foot; and Tommasino and Martolo, dismonthing also, tied the horse to trees and should be a great storm rame, so that the ram beas on "One, then," said Antonio, and he turned to the swords of his friends leapt from their each of the wash hand and made a certain sign, wherean the swords of his friends leapt from their each of the wash hand and made a certain sign, wherean and him with a did the like for it had been agreed that mounted the hill. Then Paul's face grew long-drawn and sallow with sudden fear.

"What means, my lord, that you must mount the shade of a cyp

er's soul. Yet there are few men who will go by night to the hill of Duke Paul, and even now when I write there is a man in the city who has lost his senses and is an idiot; he, they say, went to the hill on the night of the löth of the month wherein Paul died, and came back mumbling things tarrible to hear. But whether he went because he lacked his senses, or lost his senses by reason of the thing he saw when he went, I knew not.

Thus died Duke Paul, the traitor. Yet, though the Duke, his brother, knew that what was done

the Duke, his brother, knew that what was done upon him was nothing else than he had deserved and should have suffered had he been brough and should have suffered hat he been brought alive to justice, he was very wroth with Count Antonio, holding it inspices that any man should lay hands on one of his blood, and, of his own will, execute sentence upon a criminal of a degree so exalted. Therefore, he sent word to Antonio that if he caught him he would hang him on the hill from the branches of the tree to which Antonio had bound Paul, and would leave his body there for three times three days. And this message coming to Antonio, he sent who laid outside the gate a letter for the Duke, and in the letter was written: "God chooses the hand. All is well."

And Count Antonio abode still an outlaw in the mountains, and the Lady Lucia mourned in the city.

[To be continued.]

THE TYPEWRITER'S EVOLUTION. Odd Devices of the Past and Ingentous New

Inventions,

Typewriting machines in common use are limited practically to the makes of not more than half a dozen companies. The failures that blazed the way for the eventually successful machines are thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, and looked at from the practical standpoint of to-day they seem nearly as futile as attempts to attain perpetual motion, or the Keely motor. There are scattered about in this city, principally in the offices of dealers in sec-ond-hand typewriters, some very curious machines which were introduced and which died without possibly a thousand people ever passing on their merits. One of the most curious of these was called the bookkeeper's writing machine. It was intended to be used by a bookkeeper in posting his books. This machine was like turtle to look at, having a smooth under surface and an upper surface slightly rounded. and speckled with twenty-six upper holes and sixteen lower ones, which controlled the alphabet, numerals, and punctuation. The size was about four inches by three, and to be used the ledger or day book had to be placed on a desk and clamped with two bands of steel which reached from side to side of it to make the leaves lie flat. Another narrow strip of metal ran across the page, and this was to be adjusted so that the lower edge should be on a line. Then, when the turtle was slipped into a spring groove on the upper edge, the lettering was produced on a line of the book above. To operate the machine the bookkeeper covered the shell with his right hand, while his left kept tab of the record book, and pressing a finger on the tiny excrescences he produced the desired letters as the tur-tle crawled slowly along. Carefully worked, the result was all right, but it failed to be popular because in actual use the work was irregular. and it took more time to supply the dropped letters and to move the clamps around than it did to write the entire entry by hand. Since then a machine has been invented which is designed to produce typewriting in a ledger, and it is said that before long it will be upon the market.

One of the first machines to supersede the old pointer machines that ruined so many people's

practical success.

Another curious machine which just missed success was the Lascar; it was born and died in St. Louis. It was half as long again as the present type of machine and had a high front board at the back of the keys. At the far side of this were grouped the rods carrying the type, which were pressed against a felt pad damped with ink. When a key was struck the corresponding letter left the link pad, turned around, and struck downward upon the rubber roller around which the paper was colled, which was moved along by the usual eccentric, automatically operated by the key. The paper was turned for the beginning of another line by a hook which might have done duty at the business end of a shepherd's crook. This machine failed for its want of directness and the force lost from the key to the paper. Then came the so-called Rapid, born and buried in Ohio, which never fulfilled even the promise of its name. The keyboard was something like that at present in use, but the key wires were stuck through a solid piece of metal instead of striking the paper when used, was thrust at it as a bayonet might have been.

From such machines was evolved the three-piece lever, with the direct stroke of the machines of to-day. The advance is so great that some enthusiasts wonder if the devices considered so perfect to-day will in the next few years be relegated to the same gallery of back numbers. One of the most recent improvements now being considered is to obviate the necessity of stopping to turn the paper round and push the carriage back for another line. This is to be accomplished by a very simple eccentric which is operated automatically just after the bell rines, and immediately locks the key board for perhaps two seconds, automatically turns the paper, and rolls the carriage back for the next line. The most curious part of this invention is the way it was evolved. A gentleman owning a typewriter was asked to lead it to a friend who had never worked one. The machine was lent, and a few rudimentary lessons were give

Barroom Profits in the United States.

Barroom Profits in the United States,

From Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular.

Up in Canada the tax on one of our proof gallions is about \$1.80, if we are not misinformed, and yet the best grades of Canadian whiskeys retail in the feading salcons of Toronto and elsewhere at five cents per drink. This, too, notwithstanding the fact that the grog of Canadia calls for more spirits than the toddy of this country.

In the United States, though, the retailer charges the consumer fifteen cents and higher in all of the better places, and even then hands out a cheap grade of stuff to the average customer. Salcon men in this country are not unlike the balance of our population, in that they want to grow rich in a year, and they are always on the lookout for short cits. They will fit up a calcon regardless of expense, but mirrors up for ceilings, pave the floor with meakes and \$20 gold pieces. finish in the most expensive hard wood, and decorate with artistic brice-brac, pletures, &c. And yet this very place will not hesitate to pass a \$1.50 per gallon whiskey ever the bar and charge 15 cents per drink for it.

The trouble is that distillers per no attention to the retailing of their liquors in this country, whils in Canada they give much attention to this matter.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Dr. Joseph Parker Criticised-The Replies of Canon Scott Holland and of Dr. Clif. ford, the Great Baptlet Preacher,

Dr. Joseph Parker, in his remarks on the twentleth century and its glorious possibilities, which appeared in the Sunday Sun of Jan. 20, attempted to cast a bumbshell into the theological camp. There is nothing that the gifted preacher of the London Temple likes so much as the making and throwing of bombshells.

He has certainly drawn two eminent preachers into the arens. The one is Canon Scott Holland, who, when he is " in residence " at St. Paul's Cathedral, electrifies vast throngs, assembled under the dome, with his words of eloquence. The other is the Rev. John Clifford. D. D., who is preëminent among the Baptist ministers of Great Britain. Canon Scott Holiand says he knows nothing

or comparatively nothing regarding the twen tieth century except just one thing; and that is, that it will be very unlike what Dr. Joseph Parker imagines. This may sound audacious, but Canon Scott Holland believes that he can assert this with the utmost confidence, not because Dr. Joseph Parker is a poor prophet but because he is not a perfect painter. He has en-tirely omitted from his picture the one permanent character which is stamped upon man at every point in his career, whatever be the time or place. Always, under every conceivable change, this essential character must abide; and the one thing, therefore, which we can be positive in asserting about the twentieth century is that man will be found in it to be what he has ever been, a pilgrim, moving forward; and moving forward with struggle and stress and strain, amid confusion and perils, facing foes within and without, bruised, wounded, yet upheld.

No century will save him this while this pres ent age continues. And, therefore, the one thing certainly known about him is that he will never be found to have settled down into snug suburban comfort, such as Dr. Parker amusingly portrays, without a pothouse, without a bethel, without a dogma; saved from the al-lurements of a false prospectus, gentially aware that all fraudulent directors have been long ago flogged, shaking hands enthusiastically with



CANON SCOTT HOLLAND.

One of the first machines to supersede the old pointer machines that ruined so many people's eyes was the Columbia wheel, and although it was the forerunner of the Odell, the Bar-lock, and other similar types, it had not a lasting career itself. It consisted of a wheel of metal type, standing on edge over a bar or roller of rubber which carried the paper. The wheel was all along by finger pressure every time a letter on the wheel was printed on the paper. The wheel had to be turned round to each letter as desired, and then it was pressed down to make an impression. The type being metal, it was claimed that this machine was able to do manifold work, and to a certain extent did it, but the centre of resistance was too weak to stand the strain, and it soon got out of order. It had a speed of about 600 words an hour, while a good writer can write about 1,000 an hour with the pan for several hours at a stretch.

Then type being metal, it was claimed that this machine was able to do manifold work, and to a certain extent did it, but the centre of resistance was too weak to stand the strain, and it soon got out of order. It had a speed of about 600 words an hour, while a good writer can write about 1,000 an hour with the pan for several hours at a stretch.

Then came an ingenance a globe supported on a square frame of brass. Through the top of the globe projected a number of rigid wires, having a disk at the top on which was marked a letter, and when one of the disk was pressed downward by the finger it printed a letter on the pagiclobe's top like pin in a pincushion, but all were concentrated at a point beneath, below which point a type ribbon worked between the letters and the paper on the same principle as in the present machline. The paper was carried on a rubber roller not much thicker than a man's finger, which was moved along by an eccentric operated by the action of using the type. While extremely ingenious, this machine was not an extraction of which was born and decided to the lack of the kernel and the pape

and are distinctly aware or pitfalls into which men have been dragged before now, and have apprehended with a steadier intuition the true inwardness of the mission on which we have been sent. In the thick and the roar of a vast battleit will be better for us to be in the place where we are really wanted than in one where we are forward than to not with the of the ordered than to place where we are really wanted than in one where we are all of the ordered than to plunge into a casual skirmish on our own hook, wherever it strikes us as expedient. This redemption of human destinles out of ruin into salvation will remain to the last a very big and a very serious job. It will tax our utmost capacities; it will demand our finest power of judgment; it will necessitate concerted action; and a very serious job. It will tax our utmost capacities; it will demand our finest power of judgment; it will necessitate concerted action; and tention, obedience, restraint, discipline.

Spiritual faith is certainly the root of the whole matter, and moral goodness is the only right issue. But faith's power to advance, to prevait, to redeem, is bound to depend on whether we can add to our faith, knowledge; and moral goodness will only attain its perfection according as it has been inspired by a right judgment delicately trained.

Cess of this soldler-hero man, warring his stony way out of darkness into light, will inevitably depend in the twentieth century, as much as in all other centuries, on the crip that he retains on a creed. It will depend on his power to unite his individual efforts into a concerted movement of men who have agreed together on the meaning of the Name, and who understand something of

as the century proceeds, the glorious fulness of Christ. Humanity as an organism will reveal the spiritual brotherhood of mankind, and sup-ply new spheres for the marvellous energies of the Son of Man. The poverty and wealth of the individual we know: the riches of the social life of man we have yet to discover, and as Christ, is the Saviour of the Individual, so also



DR. CLIFFORD.

is He the Saviour of society. The Ideal Church is the ideal of society. The training in Christian duties within the bracing and genial atmosphere of the Christian community is the preparation for the realization of the brotherhood of men in the strong and tunultuous life of industry and politics. Therefore, sociology will hold a large space in the theology of the next century. We can only serve society by the spirit of the cross: the spirit of self-sacrifice. The churches have to modify the structure of society, expelling everything that makes a lie, that is unjust or produces injustice, and theology must set forth those formative, architectonic ideas of Christianity, which being incarnated in the lives of men remake society. Not that the old theology of the individual must be dismissed. It cannot be. Progress does not consist in dispelling one truth by another, but in eliminating the accretions of error and widening the applications of truth. So "God broadens out each broadth of life to meet." We must retain the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, of the certainty of adequate and available divine help for struggling men; while we welcome all that is taught us of the exhaustless opnience of Christ by the unfolding of the social life of mankind.

ANIMALS, SCENTS, AND COLORS. Experiments Regarding the Senses of In-

mates of the London Zoo.

C. J. Cornish, a London naturalist and writer, who has recently been making experiments regarding the senses of the animals at the Zoölogical Gardens in Regent's Park, has set down in his book, "Life at the Zoo," among other interesting things, the effect on the animals of bright colors and sweet scents. It has already been told in THE SUN how Mr. Cornish, with a violinist, went through the Zoo testing the musical capacities of the inhabitants, to the huge delight f the bears and the wild boar, the disgust of the elephant, and the chagrin of all wolf kind. His color and scent experiments, while attended with results less positive than the musical trials. nevertheless brought out some interesting facts. Some experiments on bees by Sir John Lubock suggested to him the trials of color. Sir

John Lubbock had written of the effects of dif-

John Lubbock had written of the effects of different hues on bees, and had shown to his own satisfaction that these insects evinced an appreciation of the varying colors as arranged in the spectrum, commencing on the red margin. Mr. Cornish decided to try it on the birds, and the tamest and most artistic birds ready to his hand being the bower birds in Regents Park, he chose them for his trials. He says that they seem to follow the bees in their inclinations, showing a preference for red. He writes:

"In the western aviary the bower birds build their gallery every spring and decorate it with such articles of vertu as visitors are kind enough to place at their disposal. In the first warm days they begin to collect materials for the bower. The twigs of a birch broom are usually given them for the raw material, and these are soon arranged with astonishing skill into two short incurved hedges, the tops being pulled over to make the bower as nearly like a tunnel as the material admits. If they had a larger allowance of brooms, no doubt the tunnel would be longer. As it is, it is only a section of a gallery. When this is complete, nothing makes the birds so happy as presents of bright-colored objects to arrange round the sides of the playground. Unfortunately for the birds, the mice, which have no sesthetic perceptions, but are of a practical turn of mind, steal everything soft their own young. All pieces of colored paper, rags, tinsel, are carried off in the night, or even in the day, so that the birds can only rely for permanent ornament on things not only bright, but hard."

One day the experimenter brought a number of shreeds of paper of various lues, which he ferent hues on bees, and had shown to his own

but hard."

One day the experimenter brought a number of shreds of paper of various hues, which he scattered about where the bower birds could casily get them. In a short time the birds, perched on convenient branches, were examining the collection, heads knowingly cocked on one side like so many connoisseurs. All of them seemed to make up their minds at the same moment that red was what they must have for their decorations, and with much chattering and twittering they swooped down upon the

NEW YORK COTTAGE LIFE.

THE COSEY LITTLE HOUSES THAT CAME IN WITH THE CENTURY.

Whole Streets of Them Still Left in the Ever-changing City-The Charm of Them in This Crowded Age of Big Plat Houses, It seems considerably like an anachronism to speak of cottage life in New York, get there is a great deal of it still to be found in this most overcrowded and busiest of cities. Reference is not made to the few scattered relies of modesa suburban life that are still to be found between the Houlevard and Riverside drive, on the outskirts of Harlem, or out on the pleasant ways around Washington Heights and Inwood, but to the rows and blocks of tiny two-storied brick cottages in the very midst of New York,

A striking peculiarity about these cottages is that whether one comes across isolated specimens on Centre, Grand, and Spring streets; away over on the east side on Lewis, Goerck, and Mangin streets; in a single row on Wess Seventeenth street, below Seventh avenue; or by the acra in Greenwich village, no matter where they may be found, he New York cottages are all alike. They are all of red brick, they have all two stories, a basement, and an attle, and they are all so nearly of the same size as almost to lead one to belles a that, at the time they were built, it was the rid a to count out so many bricks for each new house, Naturally there are minor differences, such as of windows and doors, but the uniformity of size and general features is certainly very marked.

As has been intimated these brick cottages are to be most frequently met with in Greenwich village, the home of so much that is quaint and old-countrified. They are to be found on nearly village, the home of so much that is quaint and old-countrified. They are to be found on nearly all the streets that lie within the pentagonal area bounded by Greenwich arenue and Maodougal. Broome, Hudson, and Bank streets, Business houses, flats, tenements, and other "improvements" have crowd id hundreds of them out of existence, but here are still hundreds of them both, and there are strong local as well as his torical evidences that, barring a few veteran we aden costages set on the shart lines of the old i hads, and an co-casional brick house of more manosing dimensions, these near maisonettes must have been the architectural rule when the village was built up on the lines of the Co-missioner's plan in the beginnings of the preser Leentury.

It was not, however, a style of house that was invented for the modest needs of this new residence portion of New York. An old print of Trinity Church in 1710s shows that between it and the City Hotel there at ed two or three brick cottages of precisely the same pattern as those which are still so hunder was in Greenwich village. Another view, taken in 1800, of Broadway at the stone bridge with crossed the open ditch running through Car all street shows that just below it were two of the same tiny houses; and still another view of the west side of Broadway, at the gone of the first that therough fare, the same little brick is uses vere conference in the same tiny houses; and still another view of the was thorough fare, the same little brick is uses vere con-

of Broadway, at the opener of spring street, that was taken in 1820, shows that as house building advanced along the present result thoroughfare, the same little brick he uses were considered the proper thing for art an homes. They are to be met with also in manbers in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; indeed, in the latter city the type is being perpetuated to-day in the row upon row of chease renting houses that are built upon the newly opened streets running out to Druid Hill Park. There is nothing Dutch in their type, and their original is to be found in the quiet undisturbed quarters of a score of English towns. They were evidently transplanted to this country and lefty during the days of British political contreligibles. But fashions are transplanted to at d take root here in these days of social adaptations.

It does not need a very great deal of walking to get down among these survivals of old New York, and the excursion will be found by no means either uninteresting or improfitable. But above all, it is worth the taking new, because in its try will not headly my direct for the setty will not headly my direct for walking to get down that this quiet, somelike section

means either uninteresting or improfitable. But above all, it is worth the takin r new, because in is very certain that this quiet, nomelike section of the city will not be able mu it longer to resist the encroachments of the west side down-town business requirements and the increasing congestion of metropolitan population. Two or three of these trim cottages, may be found on Jones and on Commence as reets. There are some delightful specimens to be seen on Bedford street; but those on Leroy street have very much deteriorated during the past year or two and show the influence of the r tenement neighbors. Some very neat examples, showing excellent care and preservation, stand on King street; Charlton street is a street of acttages, so is Vandam street, but most of them or this street have considerably "sone down the full" as to exterior respectability and interior denaliness. Spring and Dominick streets too, are almost entirely cottage streets, and on Broome street there are several cottages which must look very pretty and rus ic in the spring when the creepers, with which they are covered, are in blossom. On Varick street they abound, and many of them have here been excellently well cared for; on fudious street they are nearly all of a semi-commercial character, except in the vicinity of old S. Luke's Church, while on Bank street they are rapidly decaying and disappearing, notwithstanding a few conservative householders' stelwart savaggle, in the face of the elevated railroad and the warehouse man, to keep up the spirit of the "dd-time domes" servative nouseholders stellwist face of the elevated railroad and man, to keep up the spirit of the ticity of 1799 and thereabouts, a Bank of New York began to built try lane leading up from the 18th dignified it with the name of sire. It will be observed in this little is the warehouse-ld-time domes-which date the on River and ur of observation that, unfortunately, the of the neighborhood is toward

dilapidatio

that comes from want of care and interest. There has, in fact, for some time past been a gradual retreat from these village streets of the comfortably circumstanced householder, due partly to the rather retrogressive spirit of the local genius, and partly to the steady coloniza-

percent on convenient branches, were examing the collection, heads, convenigny cocked as most content of the convenience of the convenience of the collection of the collectio